rs'. She was soon a double Decca again, -Ittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder

Every time a man runs across a real pretty girl he wishes he hadn't married so We doubt if the late P. T. Barnum himself could have done that coronation Susiness any better-Chicago Post. In a Department Store-"I want scmething nice in oil for a dining room." "Yes, madam

She-If I don't accept you this time, you | though that part is a great secret. won't get discouraged, will you? He-Oh, no. There are others,-Detroit Free Press. Judging by the time the Senate spends in nibbling at "filled" cheese, that article must that knowledge and the means to use it be a mitey good thing.—Philadelphia Record. needs no more. I think I can say with you his troubles. If you do he will start over again at the beginning,-Atchison

wife when you are in trouble are among God's best gifts to man.-Florida Times-

lamps lacked oil called foolish? Tommy-Maybe they had their bikes with 'em.

migration must be restricted. We need the room for ourselves.—Philadelphia North American. It is understood that Weyler made the mistake of his life when he did not build his trocha in the form of a deadly parallel. -Detroit Tribune.

CHILDRENS' DRESS.

Even for Little Boys Fashion Is Not Always Hygienic.

The Outlook. We have grown accustomed to talk, essays and editorials on hygienic dress for comen and children—the word children is tenerally used for euphony, for it is the clothing of little girls that is considered. loys, it is thought, are dressed hygienically. They are, usually. Occasionally the un- beside the mark. My admirers said I fortunate boy who is the victim of his mother's admiration for a type of boy that never existed outside of the covers of a them. I couldn't help it. I decided at book, until the book set the fashion, is still seen in long curls, broad uncomfortable coliars and swinging ruffles, but he is rarely seen. It is a question, however, whether he is not far more comfortable than the poor little unfortunate in broad, long Eton isers. A divided these flabby and flapping garments. They | ried to a clergyman who was an Honoraboy cannot step backward without putting ble as well as merely reverend. I was his heel upon them and they retard his step sick of being the Miss Bellfield. I peras he walks. These exaggerated Eton his baby sister a few years ago. Liberty motion is a child's absolute right. No styl dress has any beauty that prevents this. cal beauty, and this grace is preserved only as long as the child is free from self-con-sciousness. How can a child be unconscious constantly to remember his body?

It is very curious that while pettleoats are an's physical and mental slavery, boys at more than petticoats ever hampered the movements of a woman. The hideousness of the Lord Fauntieroy boy was never more clearly shown than recently in one of the tenement districts. A small boy in bare feet, in a puff below his waist, and a jacket trimmed with tarnished gilt braid that came about two inches below his pocket, was play-ing, in a half-hearted way, with a hoople. His blonde hair was rolled tightly on pieces of stocking, each of the nine rolls having the two ends of the pieces pinned together and hanging loosely from the pins in tufts of about four inches. Above this hideous-ness was a velveteen fancy hat. The boy cast a furtive glance at each passer-by-a giance that was half shrewd and half sneaking. One wanted to put the child in the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is just as cruel to insult a ject as it is to hurt his body by blows. The tailor has more to do with morals than the world generally allows. Rags and dirt have made many petty criminals, while overdressing in childhood has made pigmies of men and women whom the Creator intended

JOHN LEWIS AND IDA JONES. A Few Remarks on the Marriage of

A brief but interesting paragraph in an esteemed contemporary, the Maryville Times, is just now receiving wide dissemination through the medium of the press: "John Lewis, a popular young man of this mmunity, and Miss Ida Jones, a Long Hollow school teacher, were married last week."

There are several Maryvilles in the country, one in Missouri, another in Tennessee, and still others scattered about promiscugestive of pretty little girls going to school with their dear little white lambs following them, their tails all done up in ribbon. No wonder the rural poetic instinct turns impulsively to Maryville as a proper designation for sweet bucolic villages immersed in verdure and threaded by purling silver the presence there, as a part of the populaones in question should be a long, hollow chool teacher. That one should be long, under such mellow, pastoral circumstances, we might have means to supply that.

There was a lovely rose at Cherring in the vicarage garden. Reve d' gged chickens, the toothsome naplack and the far-reaching syllabub, it is easy to grow long. There are no midgets reared in the rural districts of Missouri and enmessee. Under those bracing and productive influences men and women aifke atgreat size and stature. Nor do we see why Miss Jones, or Miss Anybodyelse, should not have undertaken the training of

training, like the youthful mind elsewhere, and who is more likely to be competent than a Jones, and a Miss Ida Jones at that? What we do not understand is that Maryville should have a long, hollow school teacher. We have never heard of such a thing benessin their now blended lives. If John Lewis than a long, hollow school teacher as the partner of his sorrows and joys, who, pray, has a right to criticise? Maybe that is just the kind of a bride he wanted. Everybody doesn't want a short, stuffed girl for his

the youthful mind. It is a gentle and most deserving occupation, full of usefulness and

honor. The youthful mind of Maryville needs

sweetheart. Tastes differ. It is all very well for the poet to sing: Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long. Perhaps John Lewis is not a poet. Perhaps John Lewis knows his business. Let us give

them both our blessing and our prayers. Paul Potter.

These boys who draw on slates and whose detures sometimes turn out to be great artists and leave splendid names behind them. In the great picture gallery at The Hague, which is at once the pride and joy of all true Dutchmen, hangs, among other masterpieces, the most famous animal picture in all the world. It is called "The Bull." It was painted by a very young man, whose name was Paul Potter, and who was only twenty-two when he signed this canvas. There are few paintings better known, and it is acknowledged by art critics to be the it is acknowledged by art critics to be the most complete work that any cattle painter

Though this Dutchman died at the age of twenty-nine, he left behind him 140 pictures that were all out of the ordinary, while some of them were painted before he was sixteen. He made, when he was eighteen, a wonderful etching that attracted attention in the old town of Delft, and an artist in those days had to do excellent work to secure notice at all. Potter's works are great-ly prized and are found in the principal gal-leries of the world. You may see them in the National Gallery in London, the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna museums; the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, the Louvre, in Paris, and all the art institutions of the artist's native land.

Pacan to Harrison.

Happy Harrison! Unvexed by cares of office; unplagued by political ambition; unseekers, he abides serenely in his new-found domestic bilss, experiencing the opening stanzas of "one glad, sweet song," as he easks in the rapturous glow of requited af-ection. There is only one to whom he is liged to declare himself; it is naught to the Nation whether he speaks or finds his sweetest pleasure in slicht communion; his front lawn is not ruined by the feet of A. to square themselves and promise unaying allegiance. Hall to thee, Harrison in nuptial harness! Lightly it rests on thee, we are sure. The buffetings of the political storm shall not beset thee; the waves of flerce strife, they shall not engulf thee.

The Hay-Thesigers' Ball.

I made up my mind to do a really awful thing when I went to the Hay-Thesigers' ball. I am the only daughter of others without eventually defaulting. of one of the richest commoners, in Engand. I came out two years ago, and I had not been out very long before I began to have offers. I once read a book called "How Men Propose." Some day I shall write a sequel to it. I am competent to do so. What's more, I could add a chapter to say how women do it, when they are driven to desperation,

I am not exactly a beauty, but I do know how to dress. A woman who has out vanity that my eyes are good. They are gray and sparkling and long, with very curly lashes. Yet there are plenty An umbrella when it rains and a sunny of jealous people who say that it is only "les beaux yeux de ma cassette" that make me popular. I do not care any Mamma-Why were the five virgins whose more. I am idiotically happy because I know perfectly well that in the eyes of one man I should be just as charming Seven at one birth out in Ohio. Yes; im- if the "Bellfield patent" had never "revolutionized the cycling world."

I quote an advertisement, but though we advertise we are not vulgar. Indeed, grandpa was a younger son, and did not work for his living, preferring to drag up his family on a small allowance. Papa's tastes were different, luckily for me. He being merely a younger son's younger son, the family dignity had dwindled and hardly seemed worth while supporting at such pains.

So Saranna Bellfield is a catch and might have married a lord-two lords and a knight's eldest son, though that is nineteen that I had no heart, and that I would accept the first really eligible parti that came along. It sounded easy. It was easy, until I went into the country ble-as well as merely reverend. I was suaded my friend to let me be a first rance as were the long skirts worn | cousin of hers, down at Cherrington-on-Tarn. She is a good, easy soul. His reverence had gone away to a conference. I overpersuaded her, and-well, 1

had a lovely time as Miss Kitty Bent. It was such an innocent sort of name. I took no maid, and dressed the part to perfection in pink gingham and muslins. Cherrington-on-Tarn is a very quiet spot; the season there consists of two school treats and a flower show. At all

three I met the one man. He was the doctor's son at home on a holiday, and he fell in love with me directly, I thought. He is tremendously clever; they think all the world of him in his hospital. He is good looking, think. He did not propose to me, though there were opportunities. Jessie was absorbed with a baby, and she nad no idea how often Miss Kitty Bent met Mr. Hugh Maydwell.

At first I did it for fun, but when I got back to London and Major Peile-Farquharson began to be attentive, then 1 knew how much happier Kitty Bent was than Saranna Bellfield. I did not give way to my feelings. I rather hated to realize I had any. House surgeons of big hospitals don't go into society. I daresay they flirt with the nurses-horrid things!-but that is all.

Then Major Farquharson came on my horizon, very young to be a major at all, and very handsome. His manner to me was perfect. Luckily I found out how utterly selfish he was; otherwise, as Dr. Maydwell had apparently entirely for-gotten Miss Bent. * * Mamma is a dear, kind-hearted thing, and when I announced that I intended to go to Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's with that horrid little Mrs. Ewart Vane, she let me do it. I told Major Farquharson to be there; then I told mamma he was going. It was naughty, but one day I got Mrs. Hay-Thesiger to give me a blank card for a friend of ours, and sent it to Dr. Maydwell. I wanted him to see me in my glory, and I wanted still more to see if I should like him in a ball room as much as at Cherrington-on-Tarn. I went warily to work. I wrote a short note with the invitation; said I should be there, signed it K. Bent, and wrote on

plain paper with no address. Very bold and unwomanly, but what was I to do? I knew he liked Kitty; if Kitty, why not Saranna Catherine? It was his awful pride and independence I dreaded. He had told me very meaningly that he would never ask a woman to marry him till he could give her a comfortable home. He never apparently contemplated the possibility that she

There was a lovely rose at Cherrington in the vicarage garden, Reve d'or. I shade. I wore one in my hair, quite in the old heroine style that has come back again, and I had a very simple posy to match, instead of carrying Major Farquharson's big, rather vulgar erection of

There were not five people who were in society at Mrs. Thesiger's. But the ball was thoroughly well done, and, except Major Farquharson, no one appeared to be at all sensible of the fact. There was a girl there who lived quite near his mother in the country; the two families were intimate, I knew. This girl was not very young any longer, though she was certainly pleasing. She had few partners, and I noticed that when Victor Farquharson passed her with a smiling bow she looked disappointed. Years ago that girl had had what people call a disappointment. She had loved some one who did not love her. Perhaps she was all the more pained by the marked neglect of an old friend. I saw a touch of sadness, in her eyes, and it made me realize sharply that the attentive cavalier who was asking so

humbly what I would give him had no real good nature. I knew by signs that he meant to be even more empresse than usual. He was so handsome that sometimes my heart had beaten quite fast when he had made love to me. He was standing beside me with that devoted air he can put on so well, when I suddenly saw Doctor Maydwell. He looked older and rather jaded; neat enough, but certainly not fashionable at all. He was very grave when he saw me. I suppose the young person in radiant golden brocade was not quite the same as Kitty in her Liberty hat. He just glanced at Major Farquharson, and was obviously going to pass on without even asking me for a dance. Then it flashed across me that he had found out, and that he was angry. He looked quite stern. I dismissed Major Farquharson unmistakably: "Ten and

eleven, if I am here.' I did not care for his annoyance. He had made Ellice Wedderburn unhappy. and he was showing Mrs. Thesiger how exclusive and superior he was, by being thoroughly useless. Just to make me a Pelle-Farquharson by marriage would be a supreme honor, he evidently imagined. My own opinion was rather different. I was not going to pay for his hunters and other amusements in exchange for that dubious privilege. Then I held out my hand to Dr. Maydwell. "Have you forgotten me alto-gether" He did look stern; but it rather

"I expected to meet a lady who is not here, Miss Bellfield," he began very coldly. "This sort of thing is not much in my way, and I think I had better say goodnight. I could not resist a chance of meeting Miss Kitty Bent again, but as that is impossible, the sooner I get back | but I have never seen any created being o work the better. It was absurd of me

to come at all." They were just beginning the Barn prospedance, with that irritating, persistent rence. figures, some of them so awkward. "The fact is, I am engaged already." There was a lump in my throat, and I

of the river at Cherrington and the sunshine on it came across me. He had looked so brown and so cheerful in his canoe; he was so pale, and so evidently indignant now, that I could hardly get the words out. I had never been afraid of a man before. I was now. He evidently quite meant what he said. "If I ask you to stay and sit out the

Barn dance you will, surely. I-I-want to tell you something." He asquiesced so icily that I felt all my courage vanishing. We found a little room that was empty, and sat down I caught him looking at my roses, but he pretended he was doing nothing of the sort. It was he who began, after all, to the inappropriate accompaniment of the Barn dance music.

"So you were playing in a little comedy down at Cherrington, and the Miss Bent I knew was a purely imaginary person? Surely it must be pleasanter to be the Miss Bellfield, and to have all London competing for your favor." Major Farquharson had passed the

open door, and given a surprised start at us, as he said this, and I felt I hated him for such rudeness. "I was sick of being myself; that was why I did it. People pretended to like me, and made so much of me, and I knew it was merely money, money."

"And were you successful in finding out if you were charming enough to captivate without it?" His manner was chilly sarcasm itself. A memory of all the things he had said and looked over-"You ought to know," I whispered. It

was dreadful, but you see I saw now that if he once went there would be only He did not even smile. "You sought to break a country heart for pastime ere you went to town," was his only re-

Quotations are not in good taste made like that. He hurt me; he misunderstood me. I have my faults, but I am not heartless. I have done only as other people do-in fact, less than most of them. I plucked up courage and tried

"I think, Dr. Maydwell, you were masquerading as much as I was, or else you really have become quite different; you never talked like that when we were boating on the Tarn." "No. I made a fool of myself by talk-

ing nonsense; most people do when it doesn't rain in August." Now, could anything be stupider? Here got gold medals in physiology, or pathology, or something—conducting a conversation as if he had not two ideas in

more civil to Kitty Bent than you are to Saranna Bellfield, yet they are one "Indeed, they are nothing of the kind," he broke in hotly. "The one was a simple country girl, full of pure thoughts and high ideals. She was as poor as I

am; we met on the same level. With Miss Bellfield, in her fashionable splendors, with her great fortune, I have nothing, can have nothing to do. Your trick was an unfair one; you took advantage of my ignorance. Only a woman would be clever enough to put on another manner, another nature, with a big hat and a pink gown.' Somehow, I was cheered by his re-

nembering the color. It was a Paris dress really, and had cost a frightful amount. For that adorable simplicity they knew how to charge. I daresay he thought that if he married somebody on nothing a year she would wear frocks and hats of that pattern. All the time

cruel. I suppose you think I change my friends as easily as I do my clothes." "The way in which Miss Belifield treats

her friends can matter nothing to me." He was hateful, and yet every minute I felt I could not, could not let him go. Quite suddenly I knew that I loved him; that nothing else in the world mattered, because I knew he loved me. How did I know? Oh, I can't explain, but I did. "You cared once about being my

riend, or at any rate you said you did." "Miss Bellfield, I think I ought to offer you my congratulations and to say goodnight. That idiotic Barn dance is over." "Congratulations?" I said it with a whole string of notes of interrogation. "I mean upon your engagement to Major Peile-Farquharson." He rose as he said this, and was turning quickly away when I stopped him. He told me after-

ward I spoke quite passionately. "I am not engaged to Major Farquharson, or to any one else. People have no right to say such things. Down at Cher-

"Down at Cherrington the village gossips might have fancied that a penniless doctor had been indiscreet enough to ask a penniless girl to wait for him for | Church an indefinite number of years; they were just as far from the truth, probably

All my security vanished. I felt wretched—so wretched that my eyes were full of tears; one even fell on the | ings hear I was free, when I might have been ond, that my own eyes might be opened to the pleasant and interesting things that are

I didn't care what I did or what he thought. "She would have waited all preceding wishes might be realized." How I got out those seven words I wonder still. More tears fell as I said them, and there was an awful silence. Then he began in such a different voice. "You cannot mean what you are saying." He was standing and looking down intently. He has the best eyes

ever saw, they are so honest, but I could not face them after that deed of | ments. "I mean it with all my heart." "You make it hard for me," he continued. "When I let Kitty guess I cared for her, I thought perhaps a time might come when I could claim the right to ask her to be a poor man's wife; you are a great heiress, and if I am poor I am proud. You force me to tell you that I love you, not to put the foolish question that has but one possible answer."

you that all my money is nothing to me and that I only want you?" He told me later that it was too pathetic, that he had always dreaded to see a woman cry. But he kissed me, and somehow it was all perfectly right

Then I revolted once for all against the

tradition of what is maidenly and right.

"Hugh, can't you understand, must I tell

Half an hour later, just as we were so happy, that horrid Major Farquharson came for his two dances. "Take care of said, "and come here then to find me." You see, I was reckless, and I wanted off. Positively they had put in another Barn dance. Major Farquharson wanted to sit it out, but I knew better. He must have been obtuse not to have guessed. I felt so utterly content I thought everybody would notice my face. We danced. There is something hopelessly unsentimental about a Barn dance. I was in mad spirits now. Mamma and papa are dears and quite manageable; there would be scenes, but I should have my way in the end. Providentially the May-dwells are a very old family, and mamma, who came of no family at all, so to speak, is very particular on that point. Hugh's mother had a pedigree that would bear the most searching scrutiny. To face the parents was a minor affair, indeed, after the awful ordeal I had come through. My partner was very gloomy He did not respond to my liveliness, and was as stiff as a poker in the dance. He took me into the conservatory in the interval, and I let him say his say. He said it most condescendingly. Lord Sandellion had been careful to let me realize what an honor he was doing me, but even he was nothing to Major Farquharson. I listened with a sort of satisfac-

tion, and then I refused him, point blank I had no want of fluency in this case, hunter, yet I absolutely reveled in the prospect of telling Hugh of this occur-

"That being the case, there is nothing The Sunday Journal by Mail 22 a To

more to be said, except that you have behaved heartlessly to me." He tried to put on a disconsolate air, but it was a dead failure. I smiled;

"You never cared for me, so I need not say I am sorry; you must have a wife who will admire you, and I never did." He was very angry, but far too dignified

And I went back to Hugh. We were married at the end of the season, and I am the happiest woman in England. I thought I would write this in case any other poor girl is burdened with a fortune, as I was. I read a story once about proposals from ladies. One girl in it told her friend that "it simply wasn't done." She was wrong, you see. -Black and White,

"THREE WISHES."

A Game That May Be Made Interesting to Young and Old.

H. H. Moore, in the Outlook. Nothing, perhaps, is more attractive to a large number of readers than the announcement of "a new game;" and nothing is more common than for those readers to experience a feeling of disappointment when they read about the "new game," which they express by saying that they played it "years ago." I shall not, therefore, describe this game as new, but simply tell about it for the benefit of those to whom, like myself, it may be a novelty.

The company, consisting of any number

The company, consisting of any number not less than a dozen or so, being seated around the evening lamp, or, preferably, if the night is chilly, around a bright wood fire, the host gives a slip of paper and a pencil to each one. The general announcement is then made that "three wishes" are to be written on the slip, the writer's signa-ture is to be appended, the slips are to be collected and read, guesses are to be made as to the identity of the wisher, and then, when his name is announced, he is to be asked his reasons for each wish.

The slips having been distributed and a sufficient time given for the slowest imagination to formulate its desires, the host collects the papers, "shuffles" them thoroughly and picks one up at random and reads it. At the "Three Wishes" party which I was privileged to attend the first paper read was as follows: "I wish (1) that the metric system might

come into use in this country; (2) that we might have woman suffrage; (3) that I might find some easier way of making a living." The knowing ones readily guessed the author of these wishes, who turned out to be a busy accountant. Asked "Why do you wish the metric system established?" he said, "In order that I might have less figuring to do." A general expression of opinion as to this wish was then invited, some taking the ground that meters and liters are a snare and a delusion because their shorts had to and a delusion because they always had to translate them into yards and gallons, and French system. The woman-suffrage question led to an animated two-minute symposlum, but in regard to the gentleman's third wish there was a unanimous feeling that he didn't know r good thing when he had it.
The next slip read: "I wish (1) that I was worth half a million dollars; (2) that I had "At any rate, you were very much the wisdom to use it well; (3) that I had more will power and less sentiment." This was the work of a young lady. Asked the reason for her first wish, she said: "I wish I were worth half a million dollars because if I were worth a million I should be called a millionaire, and I shouldn't like that; I think I could do a great deal of good with the money, but it is so hard to use money sensibly that I made my second wish; and I made the third wish because if I had the will power I might go to work and make

> This led to an animated discussion as to what was the best way to employ wealtn usefully, and as to the relative value of de-termination and of luck in obtaining a for-

my half millian."

The wishes of an elderly gentleman who looked as if his life had been entirely devoted to philanthropy were: "First, that I might have a clear conscience; second, that I might have perfect health; third, that I might forget some unpleasant epi-sodes of my past." The company refused to take the first and last wishes as serious. "Here's a volume that I've got to read," tune kept buzzing on.
"I did not put on another nature—I couldn't if I tried. I think you are most cruel. I suppose you think I characteristics."

I did not put on another nature—I written. The wishes were: "First, that my organism might be fitted to my couldn't be fitte compulsion without; second, that I might have the ability to think of my happiest retorts a few seconds before instead of a few hours after the occasion that calls them forth; third, that the homely girl feel for the beautiful girl with the homely character." This young man, when asked to explain the last wish, got out of a difficult position by saying that he merely meant to wish that the true and the good might become to him metamorphosed into the beautiful, and acknowledged that if he were to fall in love with the homely girl figure the plain features. The first wish led to an interesting talk about Emerson as the embodiment of perfect harmony. A young lady went to the other extreme, and in briefest abbreviation wished for-"First, C.; second, T. C.; third, M." On being asked to explain the enigma, she said stands for clothes. I want to be relieved of the burden of eternally making and buying clothes. T. C. means a traveling companion. I hate to go anywhere alone. No. don't want a husband. I want a companio that I can say good-bye to when my jour-ney is finished! M. stands for money, I want that—oh! because!"

Another young lady wished for-"First-A bicycle; second, a home in the country; third, a refectory to be added to the A very busy man wished for-"First, fewer things he liked; third, the gift of oratory.' An elderly lady wished for-"First, com forts in old age; second, better health; third,

roses in my hand. He saw that tear, A bright young medical student (a lady) but he was just as obdurate, just as wished—"First, for the ability to open my angry; apparently, not even relieved to friends' eyes to the value of sentiment; secabout my daily tasks; third, that the two I have now sufficiently described this "Three Wishes" entertainment to show how eresting it may be made, what with the wishes themselves, the guesses, the discussion, the revelations of taste and character of the reading of the slips the host may very properly read his own wishes, including one for "something to eat." the expression of which wish may serve as a cue for its realization by the prompt appearance of refresh-

And This in Boston!

Not long ago James Fenimore Cooper, the ton. While a clever enough young Albany lawyer, Mr. Cooper is not clothed upon with the mantle of his illustrious grandparent, nor is he in public life; and it was, therefore, with some surprise that upon the evening of his arrival at the Parker House he received the card of a newspaper reporter. Curious to learn the occasion of the call, he asked that the reporter be shown to his room. The youth entered, and, greeting him with ceremonious respect, remarked that he hardly expected to find Mr. Cooper so young a man. The situation was immediately grasped, and, the humor of it appealing to grasped, and, the humor of it appealing to him, Mr. Cooper encouraged his visitor to proceed to business. A flourishing "interview" began upon his opinion of Boston and the Subway, which was developing merrily when a knock at the door brought the card of another modern Afnenian of note-book and pencil. "Show him up," said Mr. Cooper, with cheerful alacrity. He came close upon the card. The conversation now took a demy roses till No. 12, Doctor Maydwell," I | the card. The conversation now took a decidedly literary turn, owing to the skillful manipulation of the second interviewer. Obthe Major to see how things were. Hugh took the flowers obediently and I went than any other American novel of his acthan any other American novel of his acquaintance, he asked Mr. Cooper whether he considered "Trilby" Immoral. A promising reply had begun, when a third knock came, bringing to the door another brisk young man. "Sorry I had no card, Mr. Cooper," he exclaimed, "but I knew you'd forgive this unceremonious call and talk a little for the 'Morning Sphere.'" Knowing now that he held all the trumps, Mr. Cooper threw down his hand. "Who do you think I am, gentlemen?" he demanded. Then fell a deep silence, out of which came from the last caller, "Well, I know you're not your grandfather, anyway, for Tve just looked him up in the encyclopaedia." The countenances of his brethren took on an expression of chast and significance and the talsion of chastened significance, and the trio

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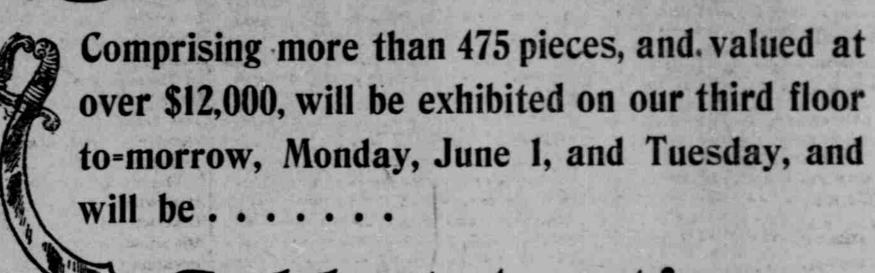
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Taffeta Silks, 49c a Yd. Just 23 pieces of the regular \$1 a yard fancy Figured Taffeta Silks in the best designs and colorings at 49c a yard. Did you ever hear the like of it? Center Bargain Table.

A White Goods Deal

Another hit by our New York man. They are the regular 25c quality of Nepaul Leno Stripe white goods, 32 inches wide. Our share is 50 pieces, and the price is only a yard.....

A Shirt Waist Sensation

East Aisle.

For three days only we shall offer you the choice of ALL our fine imported French Gingham and Madras Cloth Shirt Waists, made with detached Collars and attached cuffs; have been selling right along at \$2.25 and \$2.50 each, actually the acme of Shirt Waist elegance; for 3 days only at... Second Floor.

Millinery Mark Downs

No need for comment. The prices tell the story. Children's trimmed Sailor Hats in assorted colors, always sold at 75c, now cut to 25c each.

Ladies' White Sailors, usually sold at 25c, now cut The White Trimmed Sailors, usually sold at 49c, now

Ladies' White Sailors, with bell crown, always sold at 50c, now cut to 39c.

Leghorn Hats, always sold at 49c, now cut to 29c. each. Others in proportion.

Umbrellas and Parasols

We have succeeded in getting another lot of 250 Umbrellas to sell at \$1 that were lately the talk of the town, and no wonder. Fine Twilled Silk, on strong but light 26-inch paragon frames, in a variety of handles, in-cluding celluloid, horn, natural wood, etc, a good \$1.75 worth of Umbrella for only.....

Just 78 fine White China Silk Parasols, some with Dresden borders and some with ruffles, always sold at \$2.25, now they go at just..... Right of Entrance.

High-Grade Bicycles,

Here you are again! We have been fortunate enough to secure fifty high-grade
Wheels, in both ladies' and men's styles,
that we shall sell at \$42.50 each. They are
made from the finest grade of seamless tubing, 1½ inch; all drop-forged connections;
bearings all turned from the finest tool steel.
Each wheel fitted with Morgan & Wright
quick-repair tires. Equal to any \$75 wheel
on earth—and they go at \$42.50.

Lenox Bicycles, equal to any \$85 or \$100
wheels, for \$55 and \$69.

LADIES' OR MEN'S—CASH OR PAY-LADIES' OR MEN'S - CASH OR PAY-

Second Week of Our Grand Summer Sale of

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR



the first week's selling, which, shows how exceptionally good the bargains must have been, and now the second week swings into line with even better

All former

eclipsed in

records

qualities, at the first to-Be among lesser price morrow.

DRAWERS

At 9c a pair you get drawers worth 20c. At 19c a pair you get drawers worth 29c. At 25c a pair embroidery-trimmed drawers

At 29c a pair umbrella drawers worth 49c. At 39c a pair umbrella drawers worth 59c.

CORSET COVERS At 71/2c you get corset covers worth 15c. At 15c embroidery-trimmed corset covers

At 19c embroidery-trimmed corset covers

worth 25c.

(high necks), worth 29c. CHEMISES

GOWNS

At 19c lace-trimmed chemises worth 29c. At 29c lace-trimmed chemises worth 49c. At 39c chemises with cambric ruffle and embroidery-trimmed, worth 59c.

At 29c you get gowns worth 50c. At 39c you get gowns worth 69c. (In half a dozen styles.) At 49c gowns made of fine cambric and

trimmed with Valenciennes lace, worth 79c. At 79c embroidery-trimmed gowns, with V neck, worth \$1.25.

WHITE SKIRTS At 49c embroidery-trimmed white skirts worth 75c.

At 79c you get white skirts worth \$1. At 98c you get the umbrella skirt, worth

At \$1.39 the umbrella skirt, worth \$2. **APRONS**

At 9c a lot of white aprons worth 25c each. CORSETS

Just 30 dozen of Dr. Shilling's celebrated corsets, the standard price of which is \$1, at just 49c a pair.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.